



Dear Friends of St Andrews,

Spring is well on its way as I write this. The primroses are lining our hedges and even violets on the bank along Hospital Road are beginning to emerge. Lambing season is well under way & my fellow grandmother sent me a photo of frog spawn at the farm where she lives. After the closing down and resting of autumn and winter, spring is all about awakening with eyes, hearts and minds open wide to all the possibilities that lie ahead.

In this season of new life, new hope and fresh possibilities, I am delighted to let you all know that Truro Diocese has a new Bishop, the Rt Revd David Williams who will be installed and alongside his wife Helen, welcomed to our Diocese in May of 2025. He says that at heart he is a parish priest, and he wants to continue working for the flourishing of local churches.

And since writing last, I am pleased to say that the East Window Restoration fund raising is going well thanks largely to the generous support of you our dear Friends. There is of course, still a long way to go, but spring is here and so there is hope and new life in abundance.

Earlier this week my daily reading for Lent encouraged me to look at the sacrament of the present moment. So often we find ourselves dwelling on the past, regretting those things that went horribly wrong or wanting to hang on to moments of happiness; trapped in a time that cannot be relived or changed. Or we fret or daydream about the future. But actually, we can only live, and be alert to, and experience the now; the present moment. The writer talked about how as soon as we say now, the moment is passed and a new now emerges, like a clock constantly ticks and tells us of a new now, our now marches on. He went on to say that he once looked at a clock that had stopped – and so the ‘now’ stood still and there wasn’t another one. He suddenly realised that eternity is like a ‘now’ which goes on and on. The earthly clock stops, and we are riveted forever in the presence of God. A time of total happiness with

God, so fulfilling and totally satisfying. A sacrament is a moment when Christ meets us and we meet Him, and we can meet with God in the present moment, because he is ever present.

I don't know about you, but when I see the signs of spring, I am brought to the present moment, and I give thanks to God for the beauty and hope and new life that is around me.

I pray that you will have a blessed Lent, where you might consider the sacrament of the present moment; and ask that you pray for us if you are unable to join us as we observe Holy Week, and pray that you will have a glorious Easter.

*Yours in Christ,  
Teresa*

Reverend Teresa Folland

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## **Dates for Your Diary**

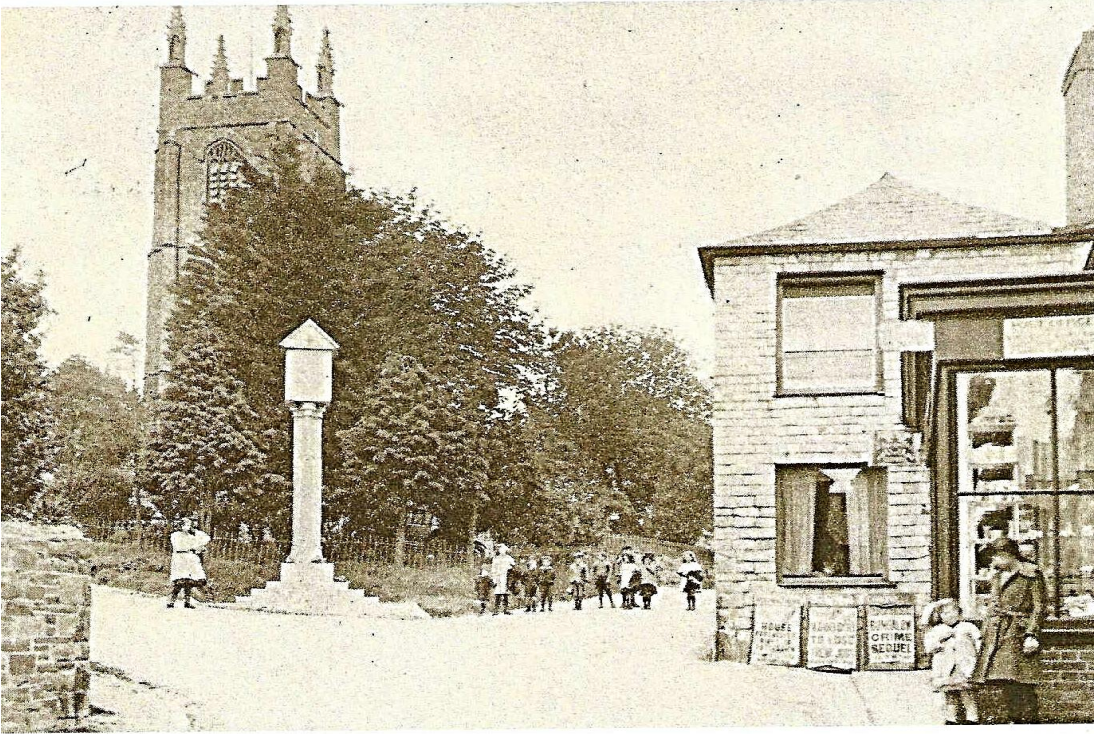
- Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> to Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> May inclusive  
**Flower Festival** at St. Andrew's from 10am to 4pm. The theme this year will be 'A Royal Occasion'.  
All proceeds from this event will be for Church funds.
- Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> August Benefice Parish Mass at 9.30am for Creationtide with the blessing of the new Creation Care flag which will then be hoisted and flown from the tower for the first time.

## Memories of a Stratton Childhood

Val has invited me to write about some of my memories of growing up in Stratton in the 1940s to 1950s. I am proud to be Cornish and a Strattonian.

My father was a Strattonian and my mother from a farming family in Lostwithiel. She trained in all aspects of Post Office work at the head office in Truro.

My parents bought the sub-Post Office business and house in 1939, not so very long after this postcard was produced. (See below on far right of picture. The house is behind)



### CHURCH SQUARE - 1930 POSTCARD

The house is Grade II listed and very interesting.



The Post Office was always busy – we had six postmen who arrived very early each morning, except Sundays, to sort the mail and set off on their bicycles to deliver the post.

They cycled miles.

We had two permanent counter staff plus my mother and at busy times, especially during the war, a retired post mistress helped out.

My father was called to serve in the RAF in 1941 so Mum organised everything. My sister Vivienne and I had a wonderful childhood in Stratton – lots of friends to play with plus later, during the war, several evacuees. Stratton at that time, was a busy market town with numerous shops. I can remember 40, plus a chemist and resident GP. Also, my uncle's shoe shop on Bridge Street and my grandfather's blacksmith and farriers.

We children wandered safely for miles around on our bikes, roller skates and rolling our hoops out the Diddies Road. We took our jam jars tied around with string to the Clapper Bridge, sitting there with our feet dangling just above the water, hoping to catch a "tiddler". We never did! We swam frequently in the sea pool and sometimes in Tommy's Pit on the breakwater. We went horse riding every week. We all played safely in the woods out at Strawberry Bank, or the woods just beyond the bypass. My grandfather made the swings for the playing fields up Union Hill.

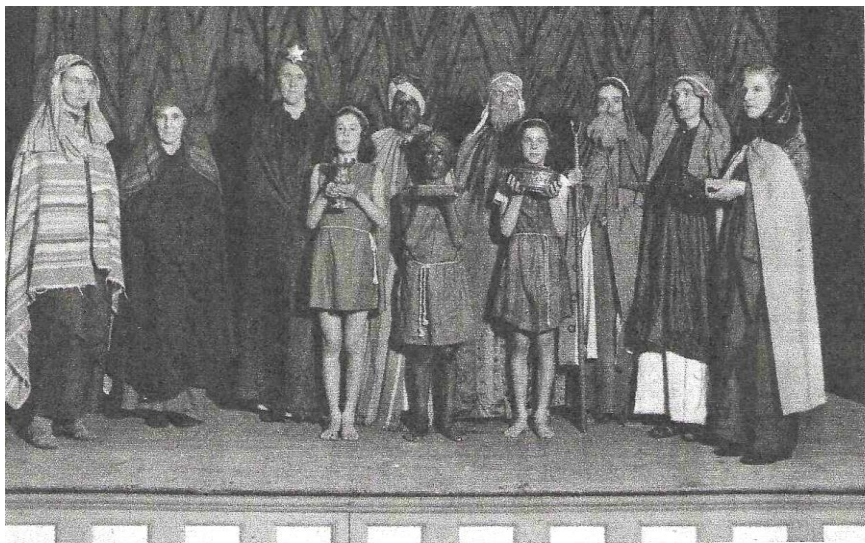
There was a weekly cattle market and butter market. The cattle field was where Parc Fer Close is now (Cornish for market field). On market days, Barclays Bank and the Natwest Bank came into Stratton. Barclays rented a room opposite the Tree Inn and the NatWest rented a room at the bottom of Tree Hill opposite the Kings Arms.

St Andrew's always played a large part of our lives and the Chapel was also very popular. My father and his brothers had

been choir boys and later Dad was a server when Father Dodd was vicar. My parents were both bell ringers and mum was enrolling member of the Mother's Union for several years. Harvest Festival was always well attended, especially the lunch, which was held in the Church Room on Old Post Office Hill. In later years the Community Hall was used.

### Mothers Union Nativity Play 1950

Mrs Bailey (mother of Jennifer and Vivienne) back row first on left



On New Year's Day the Tetcott Hunt came into Stratton and met outside the Tree Inn. If we were lucky, we children were offered hot sausage rolls (*made by Mabel Stone – they were delicious. Ed.*)

Sometimes several of us would follow the river from the Leat to Howard's Mill playing in the fields and throwing sticks in the river to see how far they would go. In 1947 we had a very hard winter but for all the Stratton children we had a wonderful time sledding down Tree Hill and out at the bypass.

On Christmas Day during the war the Post Office was open until 1pm for telegrams. Often Mum, Viv and I had to get on our bikes and deliver telegrams after the shop had closed. Quite often Viv and I were called on to deliver telegrams around the town, 3d for the town, 6d for further out. Mum always delivered the ones with sad news. For two years Mum didn't have time to cook a Christmas lunch but our aunt and uncle who had the shoe shop came to the rescue. When the Americans arrived there was great excitement as they always responded to our cry of "any gum chum". They must have thought we were very cheeky children. In 1946 or 1947, Dad was "demobbed" and we were so excited to meet his train at Bude Station.

I must mention that Stratton had our own town band and every year we had a carnival and floral dance around the town. Also a yearly pantomime which was great fun and very popular.

I could go on and on about Stratton – a lovely friendly town and safe for us children. Once the cattle market closed, Stratton slowly lost businesses and local voices with those lovely Cornish accents were heard less. I feel very privileged to have grown up in Stratton. So many lovely interesting local people and genuinely Cornish.

*Continues over page.*



(Coronation Year)

St. Andrews Mothers Union 1953

Back Row Mrs. Alice Davey, Mrs. Wonnacott, Mrs. Barkwill

Mrs. Gladys Fox, Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. Cobbledick

Mrs. Coombe, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Martyn, Mrs. Wickett

Second Row Mrs. Saltern, Mrs. Paxton, Mrs. Worth,

Mrs. Blaney, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Stone, Miss I. Cobbledick,

Mrs. Cardale, Mrs. Hockridge, Mrs. Parnall, Mrs. Simpson,

Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Yeo, Mrs. Werren

Front Row Mrs. Dobson, Mrs. Veasey, Miss Rattenbury

(enrolling member), Mrs. Bailey, Father T. Gilbert

Mrs. Worden (Secretary), Mrs. Jones (Treasurer)

Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Jordon & Mrs. Gilbert

*Please note that in the above naming of the members of the Mothers' Union it should read Mrs Bailey (Enrolling Member)*





## **STRATTON COMBINED CHURCHES FETE**

*Thought to be the first of its kind, the Fete was held in Mr George Lyles' field at Rockbank (where the Cavanna Estate now stands) in the early 1960s. Mrs Bailey is 4<sup>th</sup> from the left. Most of the people in the photographs have been named but there are a few gaps. Help needed please.*

*2<sup>nd</sup> photo in the article – 5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> on back row and the first 2 children on the left front row.*

*The photographs are all taken from the church archive which I have tried to maintain over a number of years.*

*Thank you, Jen, for this interesting reflection.*

*For those of you who don't know, Jen (Mrs Michael Carter) is the daughter of the late Mr and Mrs Murice Bailey who kept the Post Office in Stratton Town.*

## **Obituaries R I P**

### **Janet Margaret Standen**

25<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1938 – 12<sup>th</sup> November 2024

A service, to celebrate and remember Janet's life, was held at Taunton Crematorium Chapel on Monday 2<sup>nd</sup> December. The service was led by her son, the Rev'd Dr David Standen.

Janet, as indeed was her late husband, a great supporter of FoStA being loyal and generous members since its inception in 2008. Over the last few years Janet has visited Stratton on several occasions, always coming to the church on Sunday and catching up with all her friends and associates. We shall all miss her wise council and encyclopaedic liturgical knowledge and, most of all, her generosity of spirit. She will be sadly missed by her family and friends but after a life well lived, she will be happy to be with her beloved husband once more. We send condolences, love and our prayers to all Janet's family.



### **Patrick Waghorn**

Patrick passed away on 24<sup>th</sup> December 2024 after several years of ill health. Before leaving Stratton he and his wife had been loyal and committed church members. His wife Anna had been Churchwarden for a number of years and Patrick was an enthusiastic bell ringer and involved in everything to do with St Andrew's. They were sorely missed when they moved away but have kept in touch over the years and been members of FoStA. We send our condolences, love and prayers to Anna and all the family.

## **Vivienne Elizabeth Crouch**

Elizabeth passed away at home, Chantry Cottage, Stratton on 20<sup>th</sup> February 2025 aged 82 years. There was a private cremation service. A celebration of her life will be held during the summertime. Liz and her husband, Ian, had lived in Stratton for some years and were both supporters of the church and members of FoStA. We send our condolences and prayers to her sons, Andy and Simon, and all the family.

## **The Revd Brian Goodwin Dorrington**

Fr Brian died at the home of his daughter, in Bottesford, Scunthorpe, on the late evening of 21<sup>st</sup> March at the age of 92. A Requiem Mass will take place at St Andrew's on Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> April at 11.30am. followed by burial in Churchyard.

Fr Brian had at one time been the Vicar of Morwenstow and Kilkhampton parish churches and also Stratton's Rural Dean. After his retirement he moved from Kilkhampton to a home in Bude but as the house was in Stratton parish he and his late wife, Pat, decided to make St Andrew's their spiritual home and they both became firm and much-loved members of the church family.

Fr Brian was a devout and spiritual man, straight talking and open minded. He was held in high regard and will be missed by so many here in Cornwall and further afield.

We offer Fiona and Gillian, his daughters, and all the family our condolences, love and prayers in their recent loss.

*May they rest in peace and rise in glory.*

## **Val Barker writes –**

Dear Friends,

So much has been going on since I last wrote that I find there is lots of news to catch up with – how fortunate are we to have such a busy church life.

In the last edition I made you aware of the pending launch of the East Window Restoration Fundraising Appeal with guest speaker Steve Clare managing director of Holywell Glass in Wells. It was a really good evening in many ways; we learnt a great deal about the making, fitting and restoration of stained-glass as well as the history of the manufacturing companies. There was much to be said about our particular window and how it will be removed and then re-installed after restoration. The evening was very well attended and we were heartened by the generosity of those present but also by all the messages of support and good wishes from our Friends. It meant a great deal. So far, in total, we have raised just under £5,000 and have been promised £5,500.00 from a grant giving agency with other applications being considered. FoStA can give a grant of up to £25,000 thanks to legacies and gifts from past and present Friends. There is a way to go yet but we remain positive!

During the time that the window is away from St Andrew's there will be opportunities for the church community and Friends to go to the workshop in Wells and see the craftsmen and women working on the glass. When all the panels are brought back to the church, possibly in November, there will be an open day so that visitors and interested parties can come to the church and view it close to before it is re-installed.

There is to be a book produced, when the project is complete, which will hold the names of all those who have donated towards the restoration of the window and any requested 'in memoriams'. If you would like to make a donation all the



information of how you may do this is in the last Newsletter or can be found online at [www.fosta.org.uk](http://www.fosta.org.uk)

The judging of the Conservation Flag which is to be flown from the tower during Creationtide, duly took place and the results forwarded to the Diocesan Chancellor, and he was quite happy with the judges' decision and wrote:

*It is an honour to make the final selection. All designs are attractive, well-constructed and convey in imaginative ways the idea of creation. ....I have marked 'A' the design I believe will function most effectively as a flag, while*

*emphasising that the decision is a close one....* The flag has since been made and kindly given by Mr and Mrs Paul Davey of Stratton (FoStA members). There are plans afoot to have it blessed and hoisted for the first time on August 31<sup>st</sup> after the Parish Mass on that day – the eve of Creationtide. It is possible that we will also have the Creation Care Chapel completed by then. We hope very much that all those involved will be able to be there for the celebration.

Talking of celebrations I expect that some of you, like us here in North Cornwall, celebrated St Piran's Day. After the service which this year took place at Morwenstow Church, I was looking closely at the banner which is always proudly taken by 3 members of the Old Cornwall Society, to the High Altar for the duration of the service noticed for the first time how interesting it was and felt I ought to know more about it. Speaking the next week with Mrs Audrey Aylmer, Archivist of the Bude-Stratton Old Cornwall Society Records and she was able to tell me all about. It was made in 1965 to a winning design by Mr Stuart Thorn (Artist with local connections) and the banner was made by Mrs Angela Lacey Marsh, a specialist in embroidery and the daughter of Mr Spencer Howlett and also a member of the society. Her finished work was highly commended and the banner was proudly displayed by Mr Howlett at the 1966 Gorsedd held in Launceston. I was fascinated to know all this as

Angela and her brother Jonathan Howlett are the children of Spencer Howlett and the Grandchildren of Canon Cyril Leslie – Jones, much loved Vicar of St Andrew’s, Stratton from 1911-1932. They are still both in touch with St A’s via the Friends and are very supportive of all our endeavours. Strange how things are so interrelated.



*Mr Spencer Howlett holding the banner*

As you can imagine, we will be quite busy for the rest of the year as we journey on with church life, fundraising activities and much else. Thank you, as ever, for all you do in support of this much-loved church and community. We are immensely grateful.

Wishing you all, wherever you may be, a happy and holy Eastertide.

*Val*

## **Coming home ...**

I first left home in 1976, when I was eighteen and off to university in Liverpool, leaving the north-east coast for the north-west and big-city life, which later included spending a year in Germany, about as far from a coast as I could possibly get! I left home again in 1980 to start my working life in Burton on Trent, in the marketing department of Bass plc.

My very wise Spiritual Director, who worked with me and on me from about 2009, and who had been a hospice and hospital chaplain, taught me to see all manner of change as bereavement, and leaving home(s) is no different.

Theologically, we have to take time to grieve what was in order to move forward and embrace what is to come, and we have to relinquish whatever control we have to God, in the hope and belief that He wants what is best for us and will not leave us even – or even especially! – in the tough times.

After that, for a while I carried 'home' with me in the form of Christopher and the boys, as we moved from Cheshire to East Yorkshire and finally down to Stratton, and that lasted

until the children had all themselves left home, whereupon I left again in 2011, this time to go to theological college in Cambridge to study and train for ordination as a priest in the Church of England. Ok, strictly-speaking, I was coming back every Friday night and then returning to Cambridge on Sunday afternoon, but my 'life', as it were, was a million miles away, attending lectures, going to chapel four times a day, writing essays and generally trying to absorb as much wisdom as I could for this new turn of events they called 'ordination training'.

Come 2013, I was ordained and sent 'down west' to Helston and Wendron as a curate, and for a good while didn't come home at

all, but then, curacy complete, I felt I had the energy for the sort of parish that the Bishop of Truro couldn't offer me, and we set off for pastures completely new in Essex, just half a mile from the M25, a tiny portion of which was in the new parish where I was vicar to a small area but a large church congregation, with lots of families with young children (which is a whole other story!) and a parish share of well over £100k (gasp!)

Eight years later, towards the end of 2023, I finally came, in the modern vernacular, home home. Apparently, I used that phrase to Val and she gave it back to me as the theme of this little missive to you all – it only took me 400 words to get to the point, sorry!

So what then, Jane, does it mean to 'come home' now?

Well, obviously to live again in the house we bought in 1997 when Dan, our youngest, was just five and we moved out of Spicers Lane into somewhere more accessible for him. The house that rings now, though not often enough, with the sounds of our grandsons playing; they were one of the main

reasons we came home when we did – I could have continued in stipendiary ministry for another three years or so, but how much of Stan and Eddie growing up would I have missed in that time?

Then, too, to worship in some beloved familiar – and some less familiar – churches. My journey to ordination started at St Andrew's, but was nurtured at Launcells, Marhamchurch and Budehaven too. To return to the area and continue to worship in those buildings – and to add others across the benefice and deanery – has been really special. St Andrew's holds the font in which Dan was baptised, the altar rail where my boys made their first Communions, the Lady Chapel where I wept and rejoiced by turns as I tested my vocation, the memories of St



Andrew's Chapel, sitting in an otherwise empty church on the Gethsemane watch at dawn, when a butterfly flexing its wings felt like the final big nudge towards my 'yes'... St Andrew's was where I spent so many hours in the Upper Room when I was still a teacher, marking exercise books and printing the magazine. It is the choir stalls and organ, the processional cross I used to carry. It was where I conducted a beautiful wedding for a young woman I had known from her childhood, and where I was enormously privileged to lead the goodbyes to one of the best friends I have ever known.

But, beyond all that, how often in the intervening years have I defined in my preaching what it really means to be 'church'; to be a church that is not, when all is said and done 'our' church, but God's church in this place. And that is down to just one thing. The reason why I glibly used the phrase 'coming home' to Val, those many months ago, was people. Yes, my physical home is here in Stratton, and so is the building that is my spiritual home, but they both feel so right because of the people: those who have been constants in my life for so many years, and perhaps a little surprisingly also those whom we have got to know in the last eighteen months. These are the real sense of home: the faithful people who stayed when we wandered away for a while and the faithful people who arrived while we were gone – the ones who give their time and their energy to maintain St Andrew's as a living breathing entity that speaks of God in the world, that both reaches out and sits quietly, the Mary and the Martha.

Thank you, FoStA, for doing what you do and being who you are. I came home, and now I have some blessings to count!

Jane

April 2025

The Revd Jane Bradbury

## **Communications**

The online monthly calendar is kept up to date by our Web Master with services and events so do check for further details at [www.fosta.org.uk](http://www.fosta.org.uk)

## **Items for Sale**

Please remember the online FoStA Shop.

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Front cover photograph shows the West Door at Easter and the decorated cross.

*Cover photograph courtesy of David Goodwin JP*